# THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

### AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling
And in the winds, from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!
Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.
I have but thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.
Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;
Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltered shade where sin and striving cease
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.
There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

# THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley


## IS IT AN AUDIENCE OR A CONGREGATION?

Every Monday morning at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, in the reports concerning the Sunday services, we hear the word "audience" used. We are constrained to ask, Are they audiences or congregations which assemble for worship in our churches Sunday after Sunday?

The Rev. Dr. A. J. Lyman says in his recent book, "The Christian Pastor in the New Age," "I am ashamed of the thin word 'audience' as applied to a church full of worshippers and parishioners. It is more than an audience."

Dr. Washington Gladden asks in his book, "Parish Problems": "What is an audience?" And he answers: "It is a number of persons gathered to listen, to be pleased or instructed. The people who attend a concert or lecture are properly called an audience; but the people who are found at church on a Sunday morning ought to be something more. They are not there simply to listen; they are there to worship also. And the word which fixes attention upon the part of the service in which the congregation is passive, and ignores the rest of it—which exalts the intellectual at the expense of the devotional element—is a very unfortunate word." And Dr. Gladden says emphatically: "Call the people gathered in the church a congregation. **Never call them an audience.**" Dr. Gladden adds: "Congregation means simply an assemblage of people; it does not prejudge the matter by assuming that they come together to listen; it leaves room for the idea of worship."

We find in Webster's dictionary this definition of the word "congregation": "An assembly of persons; a gathering; especially an assembly of persons met for the worship of God, and for religious instruction; a body of people who habitually so meet."

Macaulay is referred to as saying, in his history, concerning Bunyan: "He rode every year to London, and preached there to large and attentive **congregations.**" Macaulay was a master of good English.

A preacher ought to be the last person to use the word audience. We are well aware that the men whom we hear using it do not mean all that it implies. But it is one of the expressions having the implication that the preacher and the choir do everything that is done in the house of God—that all the others are there simply to look on and listen.

It was a quarter of a century ago that Dr. Gladden wrote: "The idea that the people in the pews are active participants in these services; that their profiting depends on themselves; that in a great and essential part of the service the minister and the choir are only the leaders, and that their ministrations are vain unless the people join with them and follow them, entering into the songs and the prayers unitedly and heartily and devoutly—this idea has gained as yet but a feeble hold of the minds of the people in many of our churches."

The indications are that it has less hold today than it had twenty-five years ago.

The Rev. Dr. Broadus, who was for many years professor of homiletics and pastoral theology in the Baptist theological seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, wrote some years ago: "A tendency may often be observed in our religious assemblies to neglect the worship and think only of the preaching. Indeed we frequently hear good men speak of the **preliminary** exercises. The devout reading of God's Word, sweet hymns of praise, and 'prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving'—these we must understand are of no great importance, only the porch, the threshold!

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the very form of public notices, says Dr. Broadus, is instructive: "Divine service will be held at St. Mark's Church next Sunday." "The Rev. Dr.—— will preach at the Presbyterian church, or the Baptist or the Methodist church." The Episcopal notice mentions only the service. The others mention only the preaching, and rarely fail to say who is to preach. Accordingly High-churchmen usually care little for the sermon, being mainly concerned that it should be suitably short; though evangelical Episcopalians lay much greater stress on preaching, and are often anxious for some liberty of omission in the service. The other denominations too generally think little of the service of worship."

There is need today that there be brought before the minds of the people clearly the fact that the church is "not merely a preaching place or a concert room, but a sanctuary where God meets his people to hold communion with them, to listen to their praises and their prayers, to forgive their sins, to comfort their sorrows, to cheer their loneliness, to shed abroad in their hearts his peace, and to clothe them with his might for the conflicts before them."

It was with such thought as this in mind that Dr. Gladden wrote concerning the services of the sanctuary: "Our main business in the Lord's house is to worship him, to commune with him; the chief end which we need there to seek to supply is not the need of diversion, nor the need of instruction, but the need of inspiration."

And feeling and stating that "audience" was a very small and inadequate word to use Dr. Lyman said in his recent lectures to the students of theology in Bangor seminary: "It is an asemblage representing many homes and families gathered for the most august and intimate of all purposes, the worship of the Infinite God—an assembly constituting a spiritual fraternity, made such in the supreme name, memory and power of Jesus Christ, the Crucified Redeemer and Risen Master, who is believed to be spiritually present and in the vivid sense of whose presence

everything is said and done. This is what we say we believe."

If there is any justification for the substitution of the word "audience" for "congregation" The Pacific will be glad to hear of it and to make it known. We have reason for the belief that the substitution is general the country over. It is subversive of the right idea of the sanctuary services—shows a lowering of the ideal pertaining thereto, and will operate more and more to its destruction.

Blessed the minister who has a congregation—not an audience! Blessed also those people who make up a congregation,—not an audience!

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## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Thirteen hundred and fifty people listened to Dr. Aked's recent Wednesday evening address on "The Blue Bird." Every week there are several hundred persons in atendance at these services. About seven hundred usually.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, there will be an address on "Some Aspects of Life in India," by Henry Edward Pandian, a Hindu student in the University of California.

The Rev. Edward W. Parsons of Manitoba has been called to the chair of New Testament Literature in Pacific Theological Seminary. Dr. Parsons is a man of high scholarship. Professors in the University of Chicago, from which he received a few years ago the degree of Ph.D., speak of him as one of the most capable of men. He is a Baptist, and doubtless will continue with that denomination.

The First Congregational Church of Walla Walla, Washington, is considering plans for a new church building. Query: Will Pacific Theological Seminary and the University student-pastorate work succeed in getting Dr. Brooks? Conditions will have to be right and everything favorable for influential service to get a man who has in the last two years declined to consider several of what have long been regarded as among the most desirable fields in the whole country.

A campaign of higher evangelistic work will be entered on soon by the Rev. Drs. E. L. House and George R. Wallace. Dr. House resigned recently the pastorate of Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane; and Dr. Wallace that of the First Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio. The plan is for Dr. House to lecture on psychology in the afternons and Dr. Wallace on literary subjects; and to hold evangelistic services in the evenings. Beginning on the Pacific Coast, the work will be extended to the East, to Canada and to Great Britain.

Corinne, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miles B. Fisher, passed into the other life from their home in Berkeley, Monday night. The body was cremated Tuesday evening. Especially sad was this passing away, the mother and the children being in quarantine. Mr. Fisher was with the family next door, and was thus in close and constant communication. A memorial service will be held later. Hearts all over the Pacific Coast will go out toward Mr. and Mrs. Fisher in tender sympathy in their bereavement.

The Rev. Dr. Aked can make the great doctrines of the Christian religion interesting. At least that is what he did last Sunday morning in a sermon on "God's Duty to Man, and the Grace of Chastisement." The text was from Job: "Far be it from God, that he should do wickedness; and from the Almighty, that he should commit iniquity." In the course of the sermon Dr. Aked remarked: "Hell itself is an expression of God's love." Another remark was: "You cannot say God and injustice together." The word "God" excludes "injustice." In the sermon Dr. Aked said that there is a so-called humanitarianism that is not kind nor merciful; that there is danger in making the scoundrels happy. He was thankful, he said, that for certain crimes Great Britain had brought back flogging; that there was mercy in such punishment.

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## A CREED.

The First Congregational Church of Walla Walla, Washington, has for its motto for 1913 the scripture words: "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification." Following this on the weekly calendar, we find under the caption "Credo," the following by the pastor:

"I believe in being honest and kind, truthful and loving; in looking for good in everybody and finding it; in being taught by our blunders and being patient with those who blunder; in rising every time we fall and helping the man who is down.

"I believe that the real values of life are in thoughts, not in things; in the spiritual quality of life, not in material quantity, and that their values may be found by any man through the blessedness of work, the joy of fellowship and the inspiration of worship.

"I believe in friendship as a communion of souls, in business as a fellowship of brethren, in the church as a union of those who love for the sake of those who sin and suffer, in the home as the nursery of love and the foretaste of heaven.

"I believe in the light that lighteth every man, in the sacred and glorious possibilities in every man, in the chance for every man, in the Universe radiant with the beauty of the Eternal, the Temple of His Holiness.

"I believe in the Goodness of God and that the Infinite Wisdom and Marvelous Love are best understood through Jesus. I believe that the noblest and most important word man has learned to speak is the word Christlike.

"I believe in the life Eternal, and that there is Peace beyond unrest, Victory beyond defeat, Harmony beyond discord.

"I believe and desire that this faith should become the outline of our daily walk."

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Earnestly strive to perfect your best.
Patiently prune away all the rest;
Pull up the weeds, develop the fruit,
Perfect the man: but kill out the brute.

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I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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A man may prove himself big enough for a large task by the doing of a lot of litle things.

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The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the path of the strong.

## HOPES AND FEARS FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE.

Geo. T. Tolson.

For the past quarter of a century no nation has stood more vigorously for peace than Germany. The reasons for this are to be found in the fact that in this time Germany has transformed herself almost completely from an agricultural into a manufacturing state. In the same period, the growth of German commerce has been without precedent. To these things, Germany has given herself marvelously successfully. A foreign war would have been disastrous both to her manufacturies and her commerce.

During this period, Germany has husbanded all her resources. No nation has paid so much attention to the physical and intellectual well-being of her people. She has discouraged emigration, which has dropped from 126,000 in 1872 to 25,531 in 1910. The population has increased 20 millions in 30 years or 47 6-10 per cent.

The time has now come for Germany to take the next step in her development. That step is "a wider place under the sun." This phrase is as common in German newspapers, speeches and conversations as was the word "expansion" in America immediately after the Spanish-American war. That the next step for Germany is to expand is a doctrine that has been as much inculcated in the last few years, as was the idea of peace, for the previous quarter of a century. One hears and reads it constantly in all parts of Germany. Even the Socialists in Reichstag agreed a year ago that the time had come when Germany must have colonies. But the question is, Where is she to get them? Take down the map of the world, and ask yourself, "Where"?

The sojourner in Germany will become impressed by the fact that the governing party carries on a persistent campaign of misrepresentation of England for the purpose of prejudicing the people against the English. This is a serious accusation to make; and it is made, only because it is so awfully true. Even many Socialists have become inoculated with "Anglophobia." For an example of this sort of thing, take the case of a report spread throughout Germany in the autumn of 1911 to the effect that the English had planned a night attack upon the German navy without declarations of war or any other sort of warning. The effect of this upon the general public may be estimated from the Potsdam incident when the English medical society was refused entertainment. In this connection may be noted the fact that a most mild and friendly statement by Sir Edward Grey was so notoriously distorted in Germany that the foreign secretary provided the German Ambassador with an official statement of the passage to be forwarded to his government.

Another thing that astounds the student of German affairs is the Machiavellian sort of "Welt-Politik" which the organs of the governing party in Germany are constantly preaching. It shocks one to hear President Taft's ideas of international arbitration called silly trash which counts for nothing, when one nation perceives an advantageous opportuity. And can it be true that in international affairs "might makes right"? Is there no higher law between nations than military strength? To be sure, Lord Roberts has been preaching such things to the English, but they do not take him seriously.

In view of the doctrine that might should rule the world, the Germans cannot comprehend how Providence should have made such a mistake as to give one-fourth of the human race to be ruled by a people both physically and mentally inferior. It is believed that military superiority is a sufficient evidence of superior physical vitality and mental acumen.

When one asks an intelligent German: What is the German army and navy for? He will reply, "The navy is for the protection of our commerce and the army for the defense of our borders." One will accept these statements at first but if one listens long to the clarion call of "a wider place under the sun," and Germany must have colonies, one takes a second look at the army and navy. The query will naturally arise: Why so large a navy? Does commerce need so much protection? and do German borders need so much more protection than formerly? There is no satisfactory answer to the question why the program for new warships is to be completed five years before the allotted time, or why the army was increased again last summer. It cannot be denied that at the present time Germany is straining far beyond permanent endurance to forge ahead with her military preparations.

If the German army is for defense, why have not fortifications been erected upon the frontier? and why have railroads been pointed at the vulnerable points of her neighbors, rather than being built where commerce dictates?

If it is all for defense, why did Germany flatly refuse the official proposition of England four years ago mutually to limit naval construction, and why did she a year ago last summer make the same refusal, when Lord Churchill publicly announced in a speech at Glasgow that England would never build another vessel if Germany would not. A Cologne newspaper, which everyone knows is a government organ, in an unguarded moment, said, "If England is building her navy with reference to Germany, why should we longer disguise the fact that Germany is building her navy with reference to England?" This unfortunate leakage of governmental policy was quickly stopped. It was no accident, however, except in the occasion. It is characteristic of Germany's "Welt-Politik."

Even in American periodicals it has, from time to time, been made plain that the new Austrian naval program of about three years ago, and the plans for an enlargement of the army inaugurated last fall were at the earnest suggestion of the German Emperor.

There can be but one conclusion drawn from the unparalelled internal development in Germany and from her otherwise unwaranted military preparation. The writer came to the following conclusion slowly and reluctantly. Furthermore, when he has put it straight at an intelligent German, it had not been denied but justified.

The following is a statement in brief of Germany's "Welt-Politik": The present borders of Germany are too narrow for this most rapidly growing population. Both the complete development of internal resources and the physical and mental virility of the people justify a "wider place under the sun." Lands worth colonizing are no more. There is just one source. England knows it and keeps her powder dry and plentiful. Germany is imposing upon her industries all but stiffling burdens and is urging her allies by the same stress. In the mean time she seeks to isolate the one country that stands in her way. The day Germany succeeds in forming an overpowering coalition against England, that day the awful crash will come.

Where, now, is the hoped-for Peace of the World? Despite the facts summarized above there are several sources of hoped-for peace.

In the first place, the attitude of England toward the whole subject is most hopeful. At the present time she is the one nation that gains nothing, but loses all by war, for she has as much territory as she can manage and her commerce, most sensitive to war, is her life. Instances of concentration on the part of England for the avoidance of war could be mentioned at great length.

Again the loyalty of England's colonies as manifested in the promised presentation of five or six battleships has discouraged Germany not a little, though she has not yet lost hope of profiting by the destruction of the English empire.

It is also to be hoped that such an isolation as the Triple Alliance savored cannot be accomplished. France cannot forget the injustice of 1870. Denmark cannot forget the Scheleswig-Holstein affair. Alsace-Loraine is as pro-French as in 1870. The Poles are still rebellious. Holland and Belgium owe their existence to the fact that England desires them for buffer states. The one chance, however, was suggested to the writer by a member of the Ger- Embassy in Rome who said, "Suppose we could make Russia see the benefit she could derive from the destruction of the English Empire?" It is just at this point that England is most sensitive. She gets not a little nervous at the occasional Russian-German flirtations. The fact accounts for the position taken by England in the recent Persian affairs. England will sacrifice much for the friendship of Russia.

Strange as it may seem, France's superior aerial fleet and the unquestioned craftsmanship and daredevil recklessness of French air-men is a source for hope of peace. The German likes the solid earth for his substantial tread but he hates the air—more especially he dislikes the dashing aeroplanes.

In Germany, herself, are to be found hopes for peace. England, France and Russia or even any one of them, have but to withdraw their loans to Germany and a panic follows. This fact, however, is not so decisive a matter, unfortunately, as Angell and Jordan have attempted to demonstrate. Germany herself understands her financial situation quite as well as the rest of us. She has laid and will continue to form her military plans accordingly. A far greater consideration lies in the growth of the Social-Democratic party in Germany. This party gained a million votes in five years, having polled 4,250,329 votes in the last Reichstag election; while the governing party secured only 1,129,274 votes. For the sake of peace it is to be hoped that the socialists may secure just representation in the Reichstag and so control of the military ambitions of the most virile nation of modern times.

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## THE HUMANITY OF THE PURITAN.

**Rev. Herbert Atchinson Jump, Oakland, Cal.**

What was the most precious cargo that came to this country in the good ship "Mayflower?" When you read a genealogical magazine, it would seem as though the "Mayflower" were loaded principally with family trees. When you visit an antique shop, you decide that its hold was filled with furniture. But when you study history, you realize that the main significance of that voyage through the desperate winter sea lies in the realm of moral and religious realities.

Consequently many interpreters have said that the main cargo of that tiny vessel was piety. The Puritan was a man of God, a man with God, a man through God. When Bishop Bonner placed six great Bibles in St. Paul's Church toward the end of Elizabeth's reign, we are told that "many well-disposed people used to resort much to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them." One John Porter was a young man of huge stature whose voice was commensurate with his bulk, and he always had an audience. This popularity of the Bible molded the English style of that period, but even more it molded the sober living of those years. It helped to produce the Puritan. And when later the Puritan came to Plymouth they brought their faith and fervor with them.

Others have said that the main cargo of the Mayflower was bravery. "No nobler heroism" declares Carlyle, "ever transacted itself upon this earth than Puritanism." Heaven knows it needed to be heroic. Not only was there a Roman Catholic church perpetrating a Massacre of St. Bartholomew's when the blood of 22,000 Protestants ran in a single sacrificial stream, not only was there an established Church which in the person of King James, the editor of the King James Version of the Bible, could shriek, "I will make them conform or I will harry them out of the land," but there was a social order that had nothing but ridicule for the Puritan conscience, nothing but mockery for their God. And in New England across the Atlantic they found not a release out of all their tribulations but enhancements of suffering and increments of hardship. For three years they did not have even such necessities as butter and milk, there was no cow in the colony. Yes, the Mayflower needed to bring a large supply of bravery as well as piety for the first settlers in Massachusetts.

### Was The Puritan A Bigot?

Still others who read history comment upon the cargo of bigotry that came with the Puritans. Did not the Puritan say that no food should be cooked and that no masculine face should be shaved on the Sabath? Did he not forbid a man to kiss his wife or children on that day? Did he not prohibit on any day dancing, card playing, the making of mince pies, and most tragic of all, the celebration of Christmas? Did he not upbraid all who offered lodging to heretics or Quakers? All these familiar austerities are mentioned in the Blue Laws of Connecticut, and were not those laws an expression of the Puritan spirit? But we answer, "No, they were not. They were not even genuine laws passed by anybody, much less by the Puritan. They were a monumental humbug perpetrated by a renegade Tory, Samuel Peters. They never existed anywhere except in his fertile brain. He wrote them to discredit the New Englander, and for many generations he succeeded." The Puritan was intense, stiffly convinced of the truth as he saw it, but he is far from being the bigot he is conventionally portrayed to be. Salem, to her shame, convicted some persons of witchcraft, but at that very time at Plymouth the same kind of trials were held as at Salem, the same sort of evidence was presented, but it was rejected as silly and insufficient. And even after the Salem delusion had burned itself out, it was still a half-century before the mother-country ceased to convict unfortunates on charges of being familiar with evil spirits.

### The Puritan As A Man.

We are justified in saying, therefore, that there was a notable spiritual cargo in that pioneer ship which landed

fortitude and a fearlessness of conviction which might easily become bigotry. There were these qualities, even though at Plymouth nearly three centuries ago. There were faith, there were only a dozen men on the ship who had the title "Mr." But occasionally ships carry passengers that are not included their manifest, stoaways concealed amid the other merchandise. And it is a surprise when the stoways reveal themselves. Moreover, there can be unexpected cargoes as well as unexpected passengers on board. So to hear that, along with his sense of God, his courage and his keen-edged intensity, the Puritan was also possessed of humanity,—that he was a large, deep and in many respects a broad man,—had kinship with Erasmus as well as Luther,—saw the sunshine of God's presence in the world as well as the Sinai-clouds of his Divine majesty—this will come to some as amazing information. But it is true. The Mayflower's most valuable cargo was the tender and genuine humanity which it carried to these shores. The words which we ought to hear from the lips of Brewster and Carver and Robinson are the words of Peter to Cornelius, "Stand up; I myself also am a man." We have supposed the Puritan was a demi-god or an ascetic or an inhuman zealot or an unmagnanimous visionary. So we have worshipped him or cursed him, exalted him on a pedestal or buried him under abuse according to our point of view. And meanwhile he was a man quite like ourselves. His problems were singularly like our problems. So unreal has he loomed in our patriotic histories and orations that we can sympathize with Dean Hole of England whom I once heard say in a lecture; "I have listened so much to the story of the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on Plymouth Rock that I sometimes wish Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers." The Puritan needs to be repainted in natural and everyday colors; he needs to be talked about in a normal tone of voice. If we render him this justice, we shall not love him less. We shall revere him more.

**His Domestic Love.**

1. What are some of the traits of a noble humanness? And is there evidence that the Puritan to any conspicuous degree possessed these traits?

It is a mark of a noble humanity to exalt domestic love. The Puritan here measures up splendidly to the test. No less an authority than John Henry Green, the historian of the English people, declares that "Home as we conceive it now was the creation of the Puritan." The immediate touch of God upon the soul, which was the foundation of the Puritan's faith, was a touch that knew no distinctions of sex. The woman could be a saint as well as the man; she was called with a divine calling as truly as he. And from this spiritual fellowship it is inevitable that a new dignity should accrue to the woman as the comrade of the man. Not at once did the Utopian social order desired by the suffragette come to pass, but a vast and to us today an almost unthinkable improvement took place in the lot of woman as England moved from the lascivious revelries of Whitehall under King James to the restraints of the Commonwealth under the Puritan, Oliver Cromwell.

A beautiful correspondence between John Winthrop, founder of Massachusetts, and his wife, has been preserved in which this trait finds expression. He addresses her as "my only beloved spouse, the faithful companion of my pilgrimage, the happy and hopeful supply—next Christ Jesus—of my greatest losses." When he was about to be separated from her with the Atlantic Ocean between them, he suggests that every Monday and Friday at five o'clock in the afternoon they shall meet in spirit with prayer and loving regard. Chivalric, tender in his thought, affectionate even up to that high standard which a loving woman can set for her beloved, this man of force and wide influence shows himself to be a husband devoted to the wife of his bosom as commandingly as to the God of his heart. The Puritan was not ashamed to love.

**His Reverence For Childhood.**

2. A noble humanness prompts to a careful cherishing of childhood. Here also the Puritan measures up magnificently. After the home comes the school. The founders of New England have been spoken of as the inventors of the common schools. And they were unwilling to start a school at Plymouth until they had what Gov. Bradford calls a "fit person" to teach it. The little red school house has been a center of Americanism, and it received its traditions and its color in far New England. After he had started the common school for children, the Puritan was consistent, and for the sake of his young men he flung a chain of colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific: Harvard, Yale, Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst, Oberlin, Beloit, Olivet, Whitman, Pomona. Every graduate of a Congregational college may be proud beyond words of his inheritance. Sir. William Berkeley, one of the governors of Virginia, wrote to England, "I thank God there are no free schools and printing here, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years." Alas, that a statesman could be so blind to the true foundations of a stable state. Others than the Puritans have perfected the diplomacy and the finance of our land; but they and their successors gave us our system of education. They regarded their young as the seed of the future and so they cherished that seed.

**His Fraternal Spirit.**

3. A true humanity always has esteem for a brother man. Here the settler of Plymouth and Boston and Lynn falls not below the standard. The common schools we have just been speaking of offered free instruction to the children of the Indians. Perhaps this is the Puritan method of meeting the perennial race-question. And that this mutual esteem could be extended by a Puritan to one from whom he differed in religion may surprise some of us, but this also is a simple matter of history. Some twenty years after Plymouth was founded a French ship arrived in Boston with a number of Roman Catholics on board. They were shown every courtesy. Most amazing of all, there were two friars on board who exhibited such learning in religious things that they were brought to confer with Rev. John Cotton, the Puritan preacher. A Catholic friar and a Calvinistic theologian in friendly conference on the soil of Protestant Massachusetts in the 17th century; Think of it, and the Reformation only a few years in the past. There is need today for the spiritual intensity of the Puritan, but we would not suffer if we had more of his truth-seeking tolerance, more of his fraternal courtesy that could on occasion beautifully reach over theological differences. To be sure, the Puritan was not altogether impeccable. He used a severity toward the Quakers and toward free-thinking agitators in the colony that was inconsistent with his toleration in other directions. But these severities many of them can be interpreted in the light of political exigency; they may have been judicial decisions

necessary if the frail colony were to maintain its existence. A community where the Puritan governor puts a room at the disposal of a Roman Catholic traveller in order that in that room the visitor may be free to worship according to the customs of the mass is far from a bigoted community.

**His Love Of Legitimate Pleasure.**

4. A noble humanity seeks the pleasures of this world, and finds in them when untainted by evil, prophesies of the pleasures of another and finer world. Here the Puritan proved himself human. He sought pleasure and indulged in it, the current superstitions to the contrary notwithstanding; and he would himself be most sadly surprised if he were to revisit the world today and discover what a reputation attaches to his name for morbidness and gloom. In its later phases Puritanism had a difficult warfare to wage and its austere tendencies ran to excess; but to charge Puritanism of all the years, and especially of the years of its glory, with this depression of spirit, is false to the facts.

The women cared for the styles in the Puritan colonies as truly as they do today. And they persisted thus in a mild worldliness even though the ascetic spirits upbraided them. A quaint chronicle is that of "the cobbler of Agawam", dated a quarter century after Plymouth was founded. This stern writer complains against the women who are always inquiring "what dress the Queen is in this week, and what is the very newest fashion at court?" He says that these flippant souls are but "the epitome of nothing, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the very gizzard of a trifle; a sufficiently extinguishing series of epithets to have blotted these patient Puritan foremothers out of existence. We all have always known that there were Coblers of Agawam among the Puritans, reformers whose zeal shot forth darts of accusation in every direction; we need to know also that there was a side to the Puritan character which was so worldly that it could excite the animosity of these critics.

**Some Surprising Puritans.**

As evidence of this genial all-round worldliness, note that John Milton was not only a scholar; he was an accomplished gentleman, skilled in all manly exercises, unsurpassed for his swordsmanship and music. Owen, the Puritan theologian, was even counted a coxcomb for dress. Col. Hutchinson, who was a Puritan leader and one of the regicides, was a master in dancing, loved hunting of all sorts, patronized painting and sculpture; and meanwhile his wife bears testimony that he was as kind a father, as dear a brother, as good a master, as faithful a friend as ever the world had. "Scurrilous discourse, even among men, he abhorred; and though he took pleasure in wit and mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never could endure." Of such stock as these were the founders of New England; and if devotion to morality snatched them from many of the pleasures of one of the vilest ages in English history, we ought hardly to accept the verdict of their enemies that on this account they were altogether anaemic and bloodless monks. No, they were men, with men's tastes and ambitions, with also men's imperfections and possibilities of error. We must take the Puritan down out of the sky and set him again on the earth where he belongs.

"We salute you, folk great-hearted. You were long in getting started, but you took the sea uncharted and you came;
No better than the best of us, as human as the rest of us, the East of us and West of us, one day to be the same.
They were men of blood and muscle, every fibre and corpuscle to the sternest kind of tussle born and bred;
So if it be their sinew that begets you and begins you, you must show the stuff that's in you till you're dead.
And Heaven knows we're needing men of just their birth and breeding to be Light and to be Leading 'mongst us here;—
Not the social oversetters and their aiders and abettors namely those unmanly fretters who think God's world's outof gear,
But the biggest kind of fellows, who can see that God's crop mellows, spite of dry-rot and the yellows, year to year.
And they didn't knuckle under when their homes went to destruction, and the Indians came to plunder all they had,
But amid the devastion and disease and slow starvation, they were still God's chosen nation and were glad;
And, harnessed in his traces, they stood quiet in their places, or they walked with shining faces as He bade.

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**RULING ONES OWN SPIRIT.**

**Hugh Elmer Brown, Pastor of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.**

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—Prov. 16:32. Man is a conquering animal. He loves to rule. History is the story of his widening control over created things. The history of government is the record of man's rulership over man. The history of language is the record of his rulership over tongue and pen. The history of commerce is the record of his rulership over means of production and locomotion. The history of invention is the record of his mastery over new fields and forces. Man's career upon the earth has been one of continuous conquest. Wider and wider have spread the boundary lines of his control over Nature. In some centuries, like the last century, his creative mastery has been marvelous in its achievements. Imagine Adam in New York City; imagine Daniel in Edison's den; imagine David beholding the stars from Lick Observatory; imagine Paul traveling on the Lusitania; imagine Luther at the telephone; imagine George Washington sailing through the air; imagine these things if you can and realize the wonderful conquests of recent years. For ages man shrank in terror from the lightning; one day Benjamin Franklin took it prisoner and the next day it becomes the servant of the world. For thousands of years ether waves rolled around the earth unseen, unheard, unused; one day Marconi put them to work and now the sky is a vast whispering gallery. Cactus always seemed a curse; one day Wizard Burbank waved over it his wand and the spines fell away, leaving excellent fodder. In the light of these victories, we see man as David saw him when he said: "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

So far we have considered man's control over outward things. The text speaks of a deeper, better control. It gives the throne to self-control. Self-conquests are the best conquests. To be master of one's own self is better

than to be master of anything else. To be the ruler of the self-empire is better than to be Edward of the British Empire. To be the Commander-in-chief of one's own thoughts is better than to be a Caesar. To be able to prune the spines from personal conduct is better than to be a Burbank. To guide the flights of the imagination to things pure and sweet is better than to be a Wright. To be the master of one's own moods is better than to be a Corot. To dominate lightning temper is better than to be an Edison. To hold under the heel base desires is better than to ride like Napoleon across subdued empires. Better—because self-control is the cornerstone of character. Better—because happiness is impossible of attainment without self-control. Better—because a self is infinitely better than a thing or a force. The meanest, shabbiest self that breathes is infinitely superior to the glowing color, the flowering plant, the sleek animal or the silent ether, And since selves are at the apex of the creational pyramid, the crowning conquest is self-conquest.

Self-control is not only better control but it is also a harder control. To control the brook is easier than to control a river, and to control a train is easier than to control a tongue. Alexander conquered the known world before he was thirty-three years old; but he could not control his own baser instincts; he could not conquer himself; the glorious young Greek died as the fool dieth, drunken and debauched at Babylon. Samson vanquished an army, but he sank, crushed by the debris of his own dissipation. Saul was king over all Israel, but he could not rule his own spirit. Napoleon I won a hundred battles amid all the pomp and circumstances of a magnificient war; yet when he was flung on the barren Atlantic rock, he condescended to incessant and ignoble squabbles about champaigne. Hamlet, with all his brilliance and culture, became the victim of his own doubts and indecision. Andrew Johnson could defy the Senate, but he could not stand off his hot temper and was drunk when they came to swear him into the office of President. Daniel Webster was a master of assemblies, superb in his oratory, he could sway vast multitudes; but he could not persuade himself to leave whiskey alone; he fell before his thirst.

These examples illustrate the ancient truth that every man's worst enemy is—himself. A man may be victor over thousands and yet victim to his own passions. A man may be a master of men and yet crouch in terror before some power within. A man may charm a race with the music of his prose, as did DeQuincey, and be like him, the abject slave of a drug.

These examples enforce the trite truth that the fiercest battles ever fought are those inner, bloodless, soundless battles, which rage across the plains of the soul when appetites clash with aspirations and when the beast in man wars against the angel. Stevenson has portrayed the fury of the conflict in that terrible book, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Paul has laid bare his own fight for self-control in the seventh chapter of Romans. It was a long and bitter struggle which he had with the rebel forces of his nature and deliverance did not come until Christ had sent reinforcements.

What about the possibility of self-control? We see men who are pitable victims of their passions,—men who are ghastly wrecks on the wild shores of excess,—men who have pawned their manhood to a dead chemical product and the question comes strong and insistent: Is self-mastery a final possibility for every man?

Some say that man is caged in by circumstances, by heredity and environment and that beat his wings as he will be cannot free himself. They deny that he has ability to rise into the Kingship of self-control. Man, in their estimation, is a mere automaton—the plaything of unseen powers. But we reject their doctrine as an exploded heresy. We proclaim the freedom of man; we know ourselves to be more than machines or monkeys; we have kingly instincts; we assert that all men are created with the possibility of self-control, embedded deep in their natures.

Self-control is possible of attainment. Two main methods of securing the victory are before us. The first is what might be called the Stoical method. This method is repressive and negative in nature. It depends for its success upon the sheer power of the soul's "I will" By this method, wonderful results have come to some men and miserable results to others. By this method, General Grant overcame the drink habit, but by the same method thousands have remained in bondage, too feeble to free themselves. By this method, Benjamin Franklin produced a mediocre character, while countless others have been less successful. "I have spent forty years," said Dr. Johnson, in one of his bitterest moments, "in making futile resolutions." We know that resolutions are apt to fade like tracks on the sand; we have felt the inadequacy of the Stoical method. It is external, and, beyond a certain level, futile.

The other method is the Christian way. Christ gave no minute directions for the mastery of self. He was very sparing in his use of "Thou shalt not's." He proposed no special plan for the bridling of the temper or the taming of the tongue. He scarcely mentioned self-control in His teachings. His method was positive. He called men to make enthusiastic enlistment in a high and holy cause; to keep their eyes fixed on a far and beautiful goal; to travel the red way of self-sacrifice. He knew that if they did these things, their self-control would take care of itself. It was as though He said: "Do not set your hearts on self-control and be ever striving for that. But try and forget all about yourselves in the service of others. In this manner I have overcome the world. Follow Me and be of good cheer."

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## MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

**J. Rowell.**

### My Only Shipwreck.

I have made many voyages on the two oceans, and safely weathered several storms. I have been in a "white squall" (so called because a sudden gale covers the nearly waveless sea with a blanket of foam) when everything movable on the ship was blown away or smashed. I was with the noble Capt. Herndon on the Young America (George Law) in a gale off Cape Hatteras for nearly two days, which we weathered safely, and in due time approached the Narrows, near New York, in a dense fog. I sat next the Captain at the dinner table, but he was too anxious for conversation, except in monosyllables. Suddenly the rudder chains on the deck rattled violently, showing that the steamer was broaching to. The Captain sprang up and ran on dcek, but

returned in a few minutes with a glad face, and said, "Thank God, she is out of my hands." We had almost run down a pilot boat, coming so near that a pilot had caught the forechains of the steamer and climbed on deck, so relieving our anxious captain. I think it was on the next trip of this steamer, when ready to founder, off that same cape, Capt. Herndon hailed a passing ship: "I am sinking; stand by me till morning." The answer came, "I will—but send your passengers to us now." The reply was, "Stand by till morning." He feared to risk his boats on that terrible sea in the darkness. It was a fatal error, for before the dawn brave Capt. Herndon, with most of his passenges, was deep in the sea, off Cape Hatteras.

I was in a side wheeled wooden steamer, during a cyclone, in the Caribbean Sea. The passengers were ordered to remain below decks, but there was with us a Maine sea captain who had just lost his ship in a storm on the coast, and was going home to get another ship. Being an old sailor, he was allowed to go on deck, and I crept up in his wake. It was a fearful gale and we should have been pitched overboard but for the stout stanchions to which we clung. Looking over the rail we saw, away below us, in a trough of the sea, a tiny sloop, with no sail on her but a little "mutton chop" close to her deck to keep her in steerage way, and the captain exclaimed, "I wish I were aboard that craft—I should know where I was, but aboard this old wagon, who knows?" He had just escaped with his life from a wreck, but he preferred that bit of sloop to the great steamer. But though our wooden "wagon" creaked and groaned as if in agony, I preferred the steamer. The next day, when out of the cyclone, the chief engineer said to me, "For twenty-four hours I kept my hand on the lever, and helped the wheel over at every turn. Had the wheel failed to go over we might all have gone to the bottom."

We were out of the cyclone, it was early day and the sun shone on the most wonderful scene I ever beheld—an ocean covered with great black waves. Such waves I have never seen before or since that day. I once saw a picture of such a wave in a magazine—a black, perpendicular wall of water, seemingly fifty feet or more in height, with no crest of foam. Thousands on thousands of such waves, in solemn silence marching like platoons of soldiers, across the boundless ocean. It was a more sublime display of power than I had ever dreamed of. A hundred Niagaras would be as nothing to it. The soul within me cried, "Let us adore."

But, after safely weathering the worst that the mighty ocean could do, I was destined to be wrecked in little Limon (Lee-mown) Bay. The owner of a sloop invited a party of us men to a sail across the bay from Aspinwall. A smart breeze was blowing, but we had an experienced sea captain in charge, and we felt safe. After a delightful sail we reached the farther shore and coasted along it for a while, until, on tacking and trying to clear off, we found the wind too strong for us, and to prevent going ashore the captain ordered the anchor thrown out. There was no rope bent on it, and the owner of the vessel caught up the nearest one to his hand, bent it on, and threw out the anchor. The rope proved to be the jib halliard, and the moment the anchor pulled, up ran the jib. and we were worse off than before. We grounded on the clean sand, and the captain ordered us overboard to hold off the sloop by main strength. But the wind was too strong for us and soon our sloop was half buried in sand, and a hopeless wreck. Our pleasure voyage ended in a toilsome walk of many miles around the head of the bay, to our quiet home in coral-based Aspinwall.

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### CONCERNING THE DEATH OF MRS. JEWETT.

Dear Pacific: Before this, we presume, the Pacific Coast friends of Mrs. H. E. Jewett, widow of the late beloved Rev. Henry E. Jewett, have learned of her sudden death in this city. It has seemed to those of her immediate circle at present in the east that a brief word concerning her last days would be welcome to the far-away friends of California. She arrived here with the youngest daughter in November, planning to spend most of the winter at the home of her son-in-law, Asst. U. S. Forester Wm. B. Greeley. It is now a very gratifying memory that she was able to enjoy both Thanksgiving and Christmas festivities with her two daughters here and the two little grandchildren.

She entered into the home pleasures of the two happy days with her accustomed zest. There was no shadow of the approaching illness to cloud her evident thorough enjoyment of the unusually enjoyable days. She was eager in her anticipation of the quiet social pleasure with those she loved, and of the peculiar attractions of the Capital City. On every Sabbath nearly she was able to attend the First Congregational Church and often spoke of the pleasure and inspiration of the services and of the satisfaction to her of Dr. Woodrow's strong sermons. There was an unanticipated, added pleasure in her visit, afforded by the presence of Rev. C. R. Brown at the meeting of the Congregational Club Forefathers' Day, and his memorable address on Lincoln. Of course, it was a great joy to us all to see and hear him again!

On the beautiful, sunny morning of New Year's Day she had expected to visit the White House, at the annual popular reception. But on that morning she was taken violently ill, and soon it was evident to the physician that she was suffering from a very serious attack of pneumonia. A fatal result was feared from the first, but through the most painstaking, constant professional care and the most tender nursing, she lived nearly a week after the attack.

She died in the early morning of January 7th. The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Woodrow. With the memory of the strong, comforting words of the Book which she loved, and the tender, sympathetic prayer of the pastor, we left the precious dust in the care of Him whom she had served, grateful that the Father "comforteth his own"—and grateful for the influence of those who have lived and died "in the faith." FRANK N. GREELEY.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 11th, 1913.

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The thing which makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving.

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I will not let the years roll over me like a juggernaut car.—Thoreau.

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The strongest men are weak when relying on their own strength.

# Among the Churches.

## CALIFORNIA.

**Oakland, Olivet.**—Seven persons were received at the January communion on confession.

**San Francisco, First.**—Dr. Aked announces for the ensuing four Sunday evenings topics as follows: January 26, "The Influence of Tennyson on the Religious Thought of our Time"; February 2, "In Memoriam"; February 9, "Despair"; February 16, 'The Ages that go to the Making of Man," based on the poems, 'The Dreamer," "By an Evolutionist," and "The Making of Man."

**Martinez.**—The annual meeting was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th. Fifty persons sat down to the supper which preceded the business meeting. Reports indicated that the church is in a healthy condition. All bills have been paid and a balance of $88 in the treasury. The church has practically met its apportionment of $152. Eight persons united with the church during the year, but owing to revision of the roll the total membership is reduced to 65.

**Angels Camp.**—Although the work in the mines is and has been at a low ebb for the last few months on account of dry season, yet the activities in the church are about as usual. The pastor and family were generously remembered with gifts and greetings from his people. The pastor sent a New Year's greeting expressing gratitude and a hopeful outlook for Christian work for the year to come. A new start has been made by some of the young people in the Christian life. The benevolences of the church have more than doubled the past year.

**Oakland, First.**—At the annual meeting held last week the church clerk reported as follows: Members Jan. 1st, 1912, 1909. Received during the year, 68. Dismissed during the year, 109. Placed on retired list, 93. Total dismissed, 202. Members on roll January 15th, 1913, 1775. A series of sermons on "Christ in Modern Life" is being given by Mr. Jump on the Sunday evenings of January and February. Topics are: (1) Christ and the Individual; The Era of Redemptive Triumphs. (2) Christ and the Home; The Re-discovery of Childhood. (3) Christ and the School; The Enlargement of Life through Education. (4) Christ and Government; The Invasion of Politics by Righteousness. (5) Christ and Industry; The New Quality of Mercy in Business. (6) Christ and the World; The Increasing Brotherliness of Nations.

**Oakland, Fourth Church.**—The Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland held its annual meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, when the reports of the officers of the church and its various societies showed it to be in a flourishing condition. The election of officers for the coming year followed. One of the most interesting reports was that of the Ladies' Aid Society. Nearly six hundred dollars had been received during the year, about three hundred being the results of the bazaar. At the conclusion of his report, Rev. A. J. Kennedy, the pastor, after paying an affectionate tribute to Rev. F. H. Maar, a former pastor, requested that Mr. Maar be elected pastor emeritus. The suggestion met with hearty approval, and he was unanimously elected by a rising vote. An hour spent at the table, during which good fellowship prevailed, closed the evening. Four were received into membership on the following Sunday.

**Eureka.**—The church had last year a net increase of 47, and the membership now is 249. At the recent annual meeting the treasurer reported all bills paid and a balance of $100. The Sabbath school has an enrollment of 195, the average attendance for the year was 70 per cent of the total enrollment. The Christian Endeavor has made fine progress, in gifts the society has gone ahead of any previous year, the membership greatly enlarged and the spirit one of encouragement. The Brotherhood has a membership of 39; during the year this organization fitted the church with its present electric lighting system, besides helping greatly in a financial way; it further has sent to the public library subscriptions for two valuable magazines. The Ladies' League did a great amount of work. Nearly seven hundred dollars came into its treasury and was disbursed for church expenses, etc., leaving them with a balance of $24 to begin the new year. The Missionary Society held monthly meetings which were well attended and the society raised the full amount of the apportionment asked by the mission boards.

**Santa Cruz.**—Our church received 8 adults into membership last communion, the first Sunday of the year. The year was closed with all local bills paid. The $165 that was still owing on the East Side chapel has been paid and the church is now entirely free from debt. Miss Briggs, the sister of the pastor, is coming to act as his assistant and a movement is now on to increase the income of the church. It looks as if the increase would be made in which event it is probably that a Sunday school worker will be employed for at least half time. Last year the church did not meet its benevolent apportionment. It may not meet it this year for there are at least 100 names on the roll which will probably soon be dropped from the list. But in the light of the splendid spirit already shown and the missionary institute that is coming for February, we may be able to meet the full apportionment by the committee. The men's club has taken on good activity. They provided and served the annual dinner at which there were a little less than 200 persons. They are arranging for strong speakers to come once each month. They are trying to meet the needs of the community by interesting the high school boys and to that end they are entertaining the boys of the high school age in the town on Friday, Jan. 24th.

**San Francisco, Bethlehem.**—Communion was observed the first Sunday of this year; eight were received into membership, four on confession. The annual meeting was held on Monday evening of this week. Notwithstanding the storm and rain 78 people gathered in the Sunday school rooms and sat down to tables bountifully spread with good things which the Ladies' Aid of this church is noted for supplying. The reports of all branches of the work were decidedly encouraging. About $1100 has been raised for all purposes since the last annual meeting, which is a large sum for this struggling missionary church, that is composed almost entirely of the laboring class, and

there has never been a time without some of our people being out of employment. All bills are reported paid and some money in the treasury. Extensive improvements have been made on the church building. Since the last annual meeting 50 were received into membership, 32 on confession. It was reported that the church attendance has decidedly increased during the year. The church through the Ladies' Aid presented the pastor, Rev. A. B. Snider, a present of $50 as a token of appreciation. This was indeed a pleasant surprise. The Ladies' Aid has done splendid work during the past year. This might be considered a record breaking year in the history of the church. Pastor and people face the future with faith, hope and courage.

**East Auburn.**—The annual meeting of the Auburn church, Rev. H. G. Miller, pastor, was held Wednesday evening, January 15th. It was a cold, rainy night, dismal and cheerless without and a heavy wind making the carrying of umbrellas difficult. But within the guild room, and grouped about the stove there was gathered a happy family. The singing of "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," was cheering, and the payer by Dr. Van Norden uplifting. The reports from the different departments of the church's activities were all very encouraging. Progress was indicated in every line of work. The financial condition of the church, Sunday-school, Ladies' Guild and Young People's Society was reported as good, all bills paid and a balance on hand for 1913. The failure on the part of the church to meet the requirements of the apportionment plan in the past resulted in a pleasant discussion, and the unanimous vote to come to the front and meet this requirement in full in the future. This will be more than a New Year's resolution. The ten dollars reported by the young people as a balance was voted by them to be sent, $5 to the American Board and $5 to the Home Missionary Society. The Ladies' Guild, with the assistance of two classes in the Sunday-school and a contribution from the Sunday-school, recently purchased a piano, which is doing splendid duty in the musical line. The pastor and his helpmeet, who have been doing efficient service during the ten months they have been with the church, were handsomely remembered on Christmas. As a token of appreciation and affection they were presented with a purse of $40 in gold, the gold expressing the quality of the appreciation. During the ten months fifteen were received into the membership of the church. The outlook for the current year is very encouraging.

**Niles.**—The largest and most representative body of the members and subscribers of the Niles Congregational Church ever held, met at the close of the regular morning service Jan. 12th to extend to the Rev. F. Vernon Jones, whose eight years of service had expired, a hearty and united call that his pastorate here be made permanent. After many touching addresses complimenting Mr. Jones on his past work both in the church and in the community, the following was unanimously adopted: "The undersigned members of the church and congregation of the Niles Congregational Church desire to express to you, Mr. Jones, something of their regard for you and appreciation of your work. In your sermons you have done much to lift us to better ways of living. You have held before us most faithfully the example of our Master, Jesus Christ. The vigorous manly tone of your addresses has left an influence for good on our whole community. Nor is it easy to estimate your value as a citizen. You have been a prominent factor in every good movement in our midst. In the words of your own sermon, you have followed the ministry of Jesus Christ, mixing with all that you might do good to all, rather than follow the example of John the Baptist, who lived apart from his fellow men and preached from the wilderness. You have been a man among us, a vital member of our community in all its activities. You have been frank and open and manly in your attitude. We realize that our words are small but our feelings are large. These words do not seem to indicate the measure of our devotion. We regard ourselves as very fortunate in having you as our pastor and our citizen, and therefore most joyfully, without a dissentient voice, do we extend to you a continuance of our call to the pastorate, in this, the beginning of the ninth year of your work among us. As some indication of our confidence in you, some note of our love and respect, we desire to make this call permanent on our part. These sentiments are the unanimous expression of those assembled in regular church and congregational meeting, Jan. 12, 1913, whose signatures testify to the same are hereto subscribed." The foregoing was signed by fifty persons and was sent to Mr. Jones.

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## MEN ORGANIZED TO SING.

### Mr. Rogers Introduces New Service.

A new type of musical service was introduced at the Park Congregational Church, San Francisco, last Sunday night, called a Sacred Male Concert. The hymns were sung by a male chorus and the feature of the sacred concert was that every part was taken by a male voice with a man also presiding at the organ.

The service, which should be used once a month, is in keeping with the new laymen religious movement and was originated and introduced by Rev. R. W. Rogers when pastor of the church at Petaluma, attracting a wide attention throughout Sonoma county. The sacred concert Sunday night was under the auspices of the Men's Sunday evening club started at Park Church, and drew a very large crowd, filling the church.

Mr. Frank Goodman presided at the organ and the solos were sung by A. A. Arbogast, G. H. Scharche, Herman Youngren and G. P. Bedell. Mr. Rogers spoke on "Immortal Friendship," emphasizing the value of business and professional men coming in contact with men of fine religious character and like Abraham forming an immortal friendship with God.

In speaking about the sacred male concert, Mr. Rogers said: "Our men are ready to do something more distinctively religious than the practical work of the church. Many of them will not pray nor testify in the old way, but they will sing. And it is remarkable what an interest they will take in religious singing as an "unlabeled" method of voicing their religious convictons. It is not necessary for a man to be a trained singer to join the male chorus. Only the solo work is taken care of by trained voices.

"Any church that has fifty members can get up a sacred

male concert by exerting a little extra effort. It may not succeed in getting a male chorus of over five or six voices. But what of it. It is the presence of only men on the platform—the masculine note in the music—that makes it attract like magic. And if a church invites in one or two good male soloists, with a man at the organ, it will go and draw as nothing else can.

"There is nothing our laymen's religious movement can do that will be so effective as to inspire the organization of the men of the churches for singing. Since the day that Luther appointed himself a committee of one to sing the stately German hymns the masculine voice has been a power. But it has not been used as widely and as collectively as should be the case. Let us utilize this splendid resource."

A call to the superintendency and chaplaincy of the Crocker's Old People's Home was recently extended to Mr. Rogers, but he felt that he was too young a man for such a type of work, notwithstanding its financial inducements, and he has temporarily taken hold of Park church with enthusiasm to see what can be done, and has been meeting with fine results.

## LOS ANGELES NOTES.

The annual meeting of the West End church was held Dec. 18, and showed the church to be in excellent condition, materially and spiritually. During the year more than $1600 was raised, and the year closed with all bills paid. The membership has grown to 78, while the attendance at all the services has materially increased. The annual supper of the church was held on the evening of Jan. 3, and was a very successful affair in every way. Superintendents Larkin and Kenngott were present and made addresses. The latest advance in the work of the church was the purchase of a new Farrand organ, at a cost of $225, which was used for the first time at the Christmas musical service, on the evening of Dec. 22.

**The Twenty-first Church in Los Angeles.**

On the 9th of this month the churches of Los Angeles assembled in an ecclesiastical council at the First church and authorized the taking of another step in advance. The council was called to consider the advisability of recognizing the newly gathered group of colored people who had come together under the leadership of Rev. J. D. Pettigrew, as the Metropolitan Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Rev. J. S. Maile of Olivet church was elected moderator and Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn of the West End church scribe. The proceedings were regular and it was voted to recognize the church, with the suggestion, however, that some other name might be found more appropriate.

The public services were held at the First church during the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 12. In the absence of Rev. Wm. Horace Day, the sermon was preached dur- Rev. Morris H. Fink, Ph.D., lately of Natick, Mass. The charge to the people was by Rev. Leo. F. Kengott, Ph.D., the charge to the pastor by Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, the right hand of fellowship by Rev. Stanley Ross Fisher, and the prayer of recognition by Rev. Wm. Davies. A pleasing feature of the service was the very excellent singing of the choir.

A few years ago Rev. J. D. Pettigrew came to Los Angeles and started to gather a congregation, but was compelled by a nervous breakdown to abandon the enterprise. In the two months since he has resumed the work he has been able to gather a membership of forty, people of exceptional quality and worth. The colored population of Los Angeles now numbers 20,000, and is increasing rapidly. Among them are many graduates of our A. M. A. schools. Surely there is a field for the labors of this, our newest church!

Rev. J. B. Le Claire, a French-speaking minister from Lowell, Mass., has arrived in Los Angeles and is canvassing the field with a view to establishing a permanent work among the 9000 French in the city. H. V. H.

# The Home.

"How far will you go with me, my love?
To the stile? To the bridge? Or the old oak tree?
For the lane is a lone and fearsome place
And no one journeyeth there but me."
She smiled at the stile; she scoffed at the bridge and the old oak tree.
She looked me full in the eyes and said:
"I will go to the end of the lane with thee."

## HOME ATMOSPHERE.

Do homes possess individualities? Do they radiate atmosphere which can be felt unconsciously by every person who enters them?

Anyone who will make a study of different homes will soon be convinced that they do radiate atmosphere, just as people do, and that the home, even though its furnishings be inanimate objects, is a silent but unmistakable expression of the character of its maker and mistress.

Take, for instance, the home of the fussy, prim, immaculate housekeeper, the one who considers tidiness, more often primness, of more importance than the comfort of her family. The crash-covered furniture, unserviceable chairs, the drawn blinds, the ornaments standing in stiff rows on the mantel, the pillows piled with mathematical precision on the couch, all radiate an atmosphere of stiffness, of discomfort, which is felt the minute one enters the room. We know just what sort of person the housekeeper is, even before we see her, fussy, sharp, uncomfortable to live with—her home is a reflection of her character.

In contrast to this is the home of the careless woman, the untidy housekeeper, who strives to keep up appearances on the surface, but whose closets and bureau drawers are receptacles for every conceivable article. In this home, the carpets are faded, the blinds always strung up at different angles, the upholstered furniture is full of bumps and hollows, the rocking chairs are likely to give way under you at any moment. There are streaks on the windows and a stale odor of tobacco smoke about the curtains. The broken ornaments on the mantel are turned around in a surreptitious endeavor to conceal the broken part by placing it against the wall at the back. Dust clings to the

books and magazines on the table. The couch reminds one of a poor old horse, whose ribs are sticking through the skin. Its pillows are soiled and shabby. We are prepared for the mistress of the house when she comes into the room clad in a soiled gown, her shoes worn down at the heels and needing blacking, her hair in curl papers. We could guess at her character and her appearances from one glance at her parlor.

There is the living room which is loud and gaudy, with cheap, glaring carpet, showy pictures in wonderful gilt frames, pretentious ornaments, imitation lace curtains at the windows, cheap, shoddy, unsubstantial furniture. The owner of this establishment proves to be a florid, boastful, flashy woman, and the burden of her conversations is the cost of everything, how much she paid for this article, how much for that. Her conversation is as offensive to good taste as is her home, but she evidently thinks that her visitor is deeply impressed by both.

It is not hard to discern the home where "baby is king," or where there are so many little ones that the whole house is monopolized by them, where—as an eminent writer on the subject of child training expresses it—"the house is made adjustable to the child." Playthings strew the floor of the living room. Horses, dogs and other animals in various stages of disability, headless dolls, and stray blocks, are to be found in all sorts of queer places, under the couch, among the pillows, under the piano. The windows bear the marks of smeary little fingers in one corner of the room. Crumbs of cake and cracker strew the carpet, and the furniture is blurred and sticky from the imprint of greasy little fingers. One glance shows this home given up wholly to the children, and we infer that the mother is, too. We fully expect to see the tired, faded little woman who comes into the room with a baby in her arms and another little one dragging at her skirts both clamoring loudly for attention and monopolizing their mother, as they evidently do the home.

What a rest and a change from all these is the home where the atmosphere of comfort, of peace of tidiness strikes us the minute we enter the door, where we feel, involuntarily, that this is a home. The carpet in the living room, the wall paper, the furniture, while not necessarily expensive, are all in good taste, quiet and restful to the eye. The curtains are unpretentious, but they are crisp and spotless. The chairs are chosen for comfort rather than for ornament and it is an easy matter to make oneself comfortable. The few pictures on the walls are good ones, cheerful, pleasing subjects, brightening and refining the room. The couch is a big, roomy affair, heaped high with soft pillows, with dainty, washable covers, piled in such a manner that they really invite use instead of saying "hands off! The piano stands open, as if intended for use, and a few pieces of music lie on the top in an orderly pile. There is a long, low bookcase ranged along the wall, filled with well-chosen, standard works, easily accesible. On the table, in orderly piles, but looking as if they were frequently used, are the current magazines and an attractive lamp—which testifies silently of happy home evenings. It may not be what one would call a "handsomely furnished room," but it radiates the true spirit of the home. One feels upon entering it its atmosphere of rest, of peace, of comfort, of happiness. It is a pleasure to linger in the restful, cheerful, comfortable room. We know what manner of woman that home-maker will be bright cheery, self-poised, tidy without fussiness, sympathetic, tactful. She comes cheerily into the room and greets us with a cordial welcome and a warm handclasp. We feel "at home." Would that more homes were like hers!

Housekeeper and home-maker, what atmosphere does your home radiate?—Everyday Housekeeping.

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### DYING.

Passing out of the shadow,
Into a purer light:
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight.

Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations—
Done with its tears and toil.

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep—
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep.

Passing out of the shadow,
Into eternal day—
Why do we call it dying,
This sweet going away?

—Louise K. Long.

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### DROWSINESS.

"Five years ago I thought an older woman an idiot because she told me she could not read ten minutes after dinner without falling asleep. Now my scorn is punished, for I, too, fall asleep over the most fascinating book," said a woman.

This is so common an occurence that it bears investigation. Somnolent as is much of modern fiction, it is not the book that is at fault, but the reader. Nor is the trouble mental.

This after-dinner sleepiness—when it is not sheer laziness or yielding to a bad habit—can be traced to one of three causes, bad air, a bad liver, or overating.

When the gas is lighted in our overheated houses the air is quickly vitiated, and a sluggish sense follows. A preacher thought himself a failure because so many of his parishioners slept during his sermons. In his depression he was about to resign when a doctor suggested opening the windows and doors of the church while the people stood for a hymn before the sermon. It worked. With the purer air the proportion of sleepyheads decreased.

If the sleepy ones will make a practice of standing for five minutes after dinner, while the windows of the living room are raised, they will find that their brains can go on working.

A bad liver is responsible for many social failures. If the liver is sluggish the brain follows suit and sleepiness results. If this sleepiness is not excessive it need cause no alarm—save on the score of good manners—but if one drops to sleep on all occasions, if there is a drowsy expression

and the eyes are dull, serious trouble may follow if a cure is not sought.

If, instead of coffee—which makes many people billious, though it is supposed to keep them awake—lemon and water, without sugar, is taken as an after-dinner cup, one will soon cease to demand naps.

This is too mild for excessive sluggishness, which demands treatment by a physician, perhaps a course of gymnastics with special liver exercises.

Overeating is one of the surest causes of sleepiness in the early evening. It is not flattering to one's self-love to feel she cannot keep awake because she is "stuffed," but that is what it amounts to. Give the digestive organs too much to do and the blood that should feed the brain goes to the stomach.

Instead of using stimulants to keep you awake eat less. Get up from the table feeling not quite satisfied, and you will rarely be asleep within the next half hour.

Often this sleepiness comes from the monotony of following pages of close print. If one walks for a half hour directly after dinner it will be possible to read later.

Occasionally the sleepiness is mental. One reads from a sense of duty, is not interested and naturally sleeps by the end of the first chapter. Such a habit of sluggishness is so deteriorating that it is better not to read at all in the evening. Do something you are interested in, if it is nothing more uplifting that a game.

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FROM "BEHIND THE FRAME."

Beyond the sea one day, beside a woman
Sitting before her large embroidery frame,
I watched such work as all the wide world over
Has won deserved fame. . . .

Upon the other side the humble helper
Saw zigzag lines, rough ends of silk and wool,
Mingling in an unmeaning incompleteness,
Strange and unbeautiful.

Yet hour by hour she stood there without murmur—
Whose patient work no man would know or guess—
A larger skill and wisdom supplementing
With docile faithfulness. . . .

O, let me learn with hand as true and patient,
With heart in which nor doubt nor envy lurk,
Whichever side life's pattern is turned toward me,
There faithfully to work.

Let me be grateful if the talent given
Be one wherewith I may both work and guide;
Let me be willing if skill needs my service
Upon the hidden side.

Above and over all, may I undoubting
Believe and know, whatever task is mine,
'Tis one with all true work, and fitteth duly
Into the plan divine.

—Carlotta Perry.

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If you wish your merits to be known, recognize that of other people.

# For The Children.

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THE GULL THAT CAME BACK.

"Mother, why don't you wear beautiful birdies on your hat? I see lots of them on other ladies' hats and they're so lovely."

"Do you like to see dead birds on hats?"

Archie looked up quickly at his mother's question, and finaly stammered: "N-o-o. Not exactly. That is, I'd like to see them alive, and not dead."

"On hats?" laughed Mrs. Lyndon, at her little boy's perplexity. "Why, we'd have to chain them there to keep them there, to keep them from flying away."

Archie's eyes opened wider. He'd never thought of it in this way, but suddenly an idea came to him, and his face brightened.

"But, when the birdies die, then I'd like to see them on your hats. Birdies do die, don't they, sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes, and there would be no harm to wear their feathers and wings then, I suppose. But most birdies we see on hats are killed for the purpose."

Archie's eyes looked moist, and his mother continued, turning the subject suddenly:—

"But I haven't answered your first question. I'm going to do it by telling you a story. When a little girl I lived near the Great South Beach. There were thousands of beautiful gulls, or terns, living on the beach. They nested there every summer, and you could find hundreds of their nests in the hot sands almost any day in the breeding season.

"As a little girl I used to visit the beach, and it was a wonderful sight for a child. Overhead the gulls flew around and around in circles, their white wings flashing in the sunlight. Sometimes they would fly down so low that we could see their little black eyes and the pink on their bills.

"But that was not all. In the sands were nests of speckled eggs, and sometimes little downy baby gulls. The nest was only a hole in the hot sun and the little gulls would lie there in the hot sun and watch the parent gulls flying overhead. I used to think they were longing for the time when they could get up and fly, too.

"The gulls were very tame. Nobody thought of hurting them. They were too pretty to hurt, and everybody liked to to see them. It made a visit to the beach so much more enjoyable than if there had been no birds."

Mrs. Lyndon stopped and looked away a moment, as if saddened by unpleasant recollections.

"Then, Archie, a great change came to the beach. The report went around that gull's wings were worth a good deal of money. They looked so much like the wings of doves that milliners were ready to buy them for trimming ladies' hats. At first we didn't think very much about it. There were so many gulls that a few wouldn't be missed. A good many gunners went out to the beach and shot them every day. I was a very little girl then, and didn't understand all that was going on.

"I remember one day, when I was standing near the bay over which the gulls often flew in great flocks, that I saw a man in a boat take up his gun and shoot at a few gulls over his head. He killed two right before my eyes. I saw them drop in the water dead. I was so sorry for them and

so angry at the gunner that my little hands clenched, and I think I called out to him.

"But he was not interested in little girls. Another gull flew near him, and he raised his gun and shot again. But this time he only wounded his bird. The gull flew toward the land with a loud cry of pain. But it was so badly injured that it could not fly far. It fell in the tall grass near me, and the gunner started to row ashore to get it.

"But he didn't get that gull, Archie. I ran after it and picked it up in my arms, and raced for home. The gunner called to me, and said something that was not very pleasant, but I paid no heed to him. I would not let him kill that gull.

"Well, my little gull was crippled, but not mortally wounded. I kept it in my room, and nursed it back to health and strength. I fed it out of my own hands, and it trusted me so that it would perch on my shoulders to eat out of my mouth.

"It was a pet that one could never forget. I loved it only as a little girl without brothers and sisters can love a beautiful pet. But there was one thing I feared. When the gull grew strong enough to fly, I knew it would leave me. It would go back to its companions and mates, and live with them.

"I didn't want to to get strong too fast. But each day its wing healed, and one day it tried its flight. It flew across the yard, and seemed surprised that it could do it. Then the next day it flew a little further, and every day thereafter it made a longer flight.

"One day it took a farewell of me. It was in the spring, and the gulls were returning to their breeding beach for another season. I knew this, because they had always done so in the spring. My gull knew it, too, and that is why it left.

"It flew up into the air, circled around several times, and then flew straight across the water and disappeared in the direction of the island beach five miles away. I cried a good deal, and missed my pet more than I had anything before in my life. I never expected to see it again.

"But a few days later I was surprised to see a bird flying across the bay, and, as it came nearer, I new that it was a gull. Even then I didn't expect to find that it was my pet. But imagine my delight when it came nearer and nearer, and, after circling around a few times, lighted on my shoulder. Yes, my gull had come back!'

"O mother, and did it stay?" asked Archie.

"Yes, it stayed with me a long time afterward. But do you know why it came back. Archie?"

"No," was the quick eager answer.

"Because the gunners had killed off all of its companions. The beach that had been its home was now deserted. Every gull had been killed or driven away to some distant place. My pet gull had found the beach a desolate place, and in its loneliness it had returned to me. It had no other home."

There was a long silence. Archie's eyes were wide, and his lips parted. Suddenly he looked up, and said:—

"Mother, I don't ever want to see you wear birdies on your hat. If you do, I—I—will think"—

Mrs. Lyndon kissed him before the sentence was finished.

"I can't wear them, dear; for it would remind me too much of my pet gull and its dead companions."—George E. Walsh, in Zion's Herald.

**"RUN IT OUT."**

When you once have hit the ball,
Run it out.
Though your chance be great or small,
Run it out.
Many a fumble comes, you know,
Many a baseman muffs a throw,
But you're lost, unless you go!
Run it out.

Come the best, or come the worst,
Run it out.
You are gone? All right, but first
Run it out.
Would-have-been or Might-have-been
Never have a chance to win;
Lively now and dig right in!
Run it out.

You may fail? Of course, but still
Run it out.
If you don't, you know you will,
Run it out.
How alike is the beginning
Of the losing and the winning—
Just an eyelash to an inning—
Run it out.

Courage now and keep your heart!
Run it out.
Nothing comes without a start,
Run it out.
Other Shakespeares might be printing,
Other Titians might be tinting,
If some constant coach kept hinting,
"Run it out!"

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

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**A WORD OF EXPLANATION.**

It has occured to me since reading Mr. Ferrier's editorial comment in the last issue of the Pacific, "The Preacher and Social Problems,", that in some of my remarks or addresses referred to I have, by that publicity, unintentially done an injury to the church of which I was formerly pastor.

It was not my intention to be personal, especially not with any view to injury. But, upon reflection, I can see how it might be so construed. If so I hasten to make amends.

I have meant to deal purely with a principle, that of individual political liberty upon which I feel very keenly. If, in publicly defending that principle, I have been tactless to possible injury of the church, which I can now see might be true, I certainly regret it.

For this principle I stand with all my heart and am quick to resent interference but I do not wish to reflect discredit upon the Sunnyvale Church. NOAH C. GAUSE.

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All wasted life—and there is so much of it—is life too long.

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### BE COURTEOUS.

"Be Christian gentlemen. There are those who under the plea of honesty say discourteous and ugly things." Such were the words of the principal of one of our Canadian colleges to a class of students who were about leaving for summer holidays and some for good. His advice was timely and worthy of our fullest respect. We too often forget the importance of the "outward marks of a Christian." Politeness it is said will take a man farther than any other kind of a ticket.

In the rush of our times there is danger of neglecting the little civilities that remind us of the dignity of life. There are those who think they must speak the truth regardless of others' feelings; Whereas it is said that "a fool uttereth all his mouth." The wisdom that cometh from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated. Some Christian people defend their course in very unchristian ways. Good men do not need to be disagreeable.—Onward.

### AMERICAN BOARD INSTITUTES.

**Itinerary of the Two Teams in the Pacific Coast District.**

**Team No. 1.**

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Tacoma, Jan. 30-31, Thursday evening, Friday afternoon and evening.

Forest Grove, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Claremont, Feb. 19 or 20, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon and evening.

**Combined Teams.**

Spokane, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 18-21.

Seattle, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 25-28.

Portland, Oregon, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 1-4.

Sacramento and Stockton, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

San Francisco Bay region, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 15-18.

Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 22-25.

**Team No. 2.**

Colfax, Jan. 21, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

North Yakima, Jan. 24, Friday afternoon and evening.

Snohomish, Jan. 28, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Bellingham, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening

Vancouver, Jan. 30, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Corvallis, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Salem, Feb. 6, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 19, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Riverside, Feb. 21, Friday afternoon and evening.

San Diego, Feb. 25, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Redlands, Feb. 26, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

**Speakers Available for Above Program.**

Rev. Brewer Eddy, Associate Secretary of the American Board, Boston; Rev. Chas. L. Storrs, Jr., Foochow Mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, Western Turkey Mission; Mrs. Geo. B. Cowles, American Zulu Mission, South Africa; Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Pacific Coast Secretary C. S. S. & P. S San Francisco; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary A. B. C. F. M., San Francisco; a possible representative of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.